

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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## HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times.")

Hereford, September 11.

The new oratorio, written expressly for this Festival by the Rev. Frederick A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Musical Professor at Oxford University, was performed, and, so far as we are able to judge, made a decidedly favourable impression. The author has long been well known as a learned and accomplished musician, both practically as a composer and theoretically as a teacher, his book on the Art of Counterpoint and Fugue having obtained general acceptance. His position at Oxford, where he has held for many years the Chair of Music, could only have been conferred upon one possessing exceptional acquirements, and, as *noblesse oblige*, Sir Gore Ouseley would not be likely to put forth anything to the world unless he had deeply and carefully considered it. Nor has he done so in the instance of the oratorio produced to-day—his last, and so far as we are aware, his largest and most ambitious essay. He has especially vindicated his claims to scholarship, which, before anything else, as a judge and awarder of distinction to others, was expected of him. But Sir Gore Ouseley has done more than this, in showing himself endowed with a certain vein of melody which he can always draw upon with facility and use to graceful purpose, as well as with a knowledge of orchestral treatment and an idea of orchestral colouring which enable him to impart force and variety to his thoughts. At all events the new work establishes his right to come publicly forward and challenge comparison with not a few of his contemporaries in the highest branch of sacred music. *Hagar* has no pretensions to be styled a "grand oratorio," its plan being limited, and the development of its several sections restricted in proportion; but it is not the less meritorious on that account, and not the less interesting, as the marked attention with which, this morning in the Cathedral, it was listened to, from beginning to end, by a very numerous assembly, sufficiently attests.

The words selected for *Hagar*, by the Rev. J. R. Gleig Taylor, are chiefly from Holy Writ; and, the subject taken into consideration, they have been selected with great judgment. The oratorio is divided into two parts, and the personages introduced are as subjoined:—Abram (afterwards called Abraham); Sarai, his wife (afterwards called Sarah); Hagar, her bond-maid; Ishmael, son of the bond-woman; the Angel. Perhaps, the episode of Hagar is not exactly the most promising subject for an oratorio; in fact, we cannot but think it unwisely chosen. Scripture assuredly contains many passages that would have better answered the purpose. Sir Gore Ouseley, however, was clearly of a different opinion, and it is only just to let him speak for himself, in the form and language of his own argument:—

"Part I.—After the overture, the history of Hagar is introduced by the well-known hymn, 'Jerusalem on high,' in which allusion is made to that which St. Paul declares to be the spiritual reality shadowed forth by the facts related in Genesis concerning Abraham's two sons, 'which things are an allegory; for these are the two covenants: the one from the Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Hagar (for this Hagar is Mount Sinai in Arabia), and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.' The narrative then proceeds with the appearance of God to Abram, and the Divine promise that his seed should be as the stars of heaven for multitude. Sarah laments her childlessness, and, seeing that she is despised by her servant Hagar, deals hardly with her, so that she flees from her face. Hagar wanders into the wilderness, and the Angel of the Lord appears to her as she sits by a fountain of water, and bids her return to her mistress, at the same time promising that she shall bear a son, whose name shall be called Ishmael ('God hath heard')."

"Part II.—Thirteen years after the birth of Ishmael God appears again to Abram, renews the covenant, and changes his name to Abraham ('father of a multitude'). Sarai's name also is changed to Sarah (Princess). God establishes His covenant with Isaac. Abraham beseeches God on behalf of Ishmael, and is assured that he is blessed. Isaac is born. After a time Sarah sees Ishmael mocking, and demands of Abraham that the bond-woman and her son shall be cast out. Abraham is grieved because of Ishmael his son, but God bids him do as Sarah has said, so he sends Hagar and the lad away. They go 'astray in the wilderness; hungry and thirsty their souls faint in them.'

Ishmael calls upon God, who hears the voice of the lad, and sends His Angel to succour them. The Angel addresses Hagar by name, and, bidding her raise her son from the ground, tells her not to fear, for God will make him a great nation. Hagar's eyes are opened by God, and she sees a well of water. She blesses God, and her song is echoed in the concluding chorus."

When we bear in mind the scantiness of the materials at disposal, and how, away from its place in the book of Genesis, the history of Hagar can possess for the majority of people little more than a symbolic interest, it must be admitted that Sir Gore Ouseley, or the Rev. Gleig Taylor (whichever may be answerable for the book) has used them with discretion, and arranged them in symmetrical and intelligible order. Nothing, perhaps, in its way, could have been more creditably done. The objection, nevertheless, is likely to remain fixed in the minds of many, that the choice of subject was hardly judicious, the more so inasmuch as in the shape it assumes *Hagar* appears rather in the light of a sacred musical drama than in that of a sacred oratorio proper.

That the composer was in some degree shackled by his "libretto" may be taken for granted. He could hardly, however, have set it to music otherwise than he has actually done with the means ready at command to which we have alluded. Only a very few opportunities were presented of enlivening his work with that admixture of duets, trios, quartets, and other concerted pieces for the special display of the chief solo voices which, from Handel down to Spohr and Mendelssohn, have been uniformly looked upon as essential to the general effect, except an incidental quartet which forms part of a chorus. Throughout the entire work there is but one thing of the kind—a trio for tenor voices, "*a voci equali*," "He maketh the barren woman to keep house," a somewhat unsuggestive theme, which at the commencement takes the form of what musicians describe as a "cannon on the octave," but at the end brings the voices together in combination. Strictly considered, this trio is neither more nor less than what for obvious reasons is called a "round." It is, however, no less admirably written than charmingly melodious, and afforded the three tenors, Messrs. Cummings, E. Lloyd, and Montem Smith, an opportunity of distinction of which they took eminent advantage. The rest of the oratorio, after an orchestral prelude, consists almost exclusively of accompanied recitatives and airs, chorals and choruses, whereby a certain monotony is engendered, which need not have been the case had the subject been otherwise handled. What Sir Gore Ouseley has actually done is, therefore, under the circumstances, all the more to be commended. His familiarity with *bona fide* cathedral music has served him in good stead. His choral writing is always effective, and, if the expression may be allowed, "canonic," while his acquaintance with the stricter contrapuntal forms as exhibited in the several fugues—of which for an oratorio otherwise so unostentatiously constructed, he gives, perhaps, too many—has also served him well, and in a work of vaster proportions would have served him even better. Reserving a more detailed notice for a future occasion, we merely reiterate our conviction that, in the composition of *Hagar*, Sir G. Ouseley has displayed an ability far beyond the ordinary, and that more works of the kind will be anxiously looked for from his pen.

The performance, conducted by Mr. Townshend Smith, was almost in every instance excellent. The choruses were all delivered with spirit and decision, while the orchestra left little or nothing to desire; nor could the composer by any possibility have found more able exponents of the solo passages in his work than Mr. Tietjens (Hagar), Miss E. Wynne (Ishmael), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Sarah), Mr. Santley (Abraham), and Mr. W. H. Cummings (narrator of the story), all of whom strove their utmost to do justice to the music assigned to them, and were successful in proportion. Sir G. Ouseley was happy in such interpreters. The second part of the day's programme comprised the last portion of Spohr's symphony, *The consecration of Sound*, which, notwithstanding its "Hymn of Praise," is more in place in a concert-room than in a church. This was followed by the same master's "Christian's Prayer," one of the earliest works he composed for voices and instruments, and the whole terminated with Handel's sixth Chorus Anthem, perhaps the most glorious of the glorious



"twelve" composed for his liberal friend and patron, the Duke of Chandos, at Canons. The singers in the first were Misses E. Wynne and Enriquez, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Agnesi. In the last, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Agnesi. A more lengthy selection has rarely been submitted to an audience at a concert. The attendance to-day was 873, and the collection for the Charity £220. The *Messiah*, to-morrow, will bring the Festival to an end.

#### September 12.

The evening concerts in the Shire Hall have been much of the ordinary sort, with programmes well varied, but with little of new to call for record. The acoustical properties of the hall, always good, are now, through a new arrangement of the orchestra, made very nearly perfect. The arched roof, contrived, we believe, since the last Festival, is an unquestionable improvement, while the bright sun burner in the middle throws a flood of light over the orchestra, and is as advantageous to the singers and players as it is agreeable to the audience. The Herefordshire people like these evening concerts, and come to them in crowds from all the immediate vicinities of the county town. The first concert was somewhat injured by the uncertainty of the weather; but the second—the weather having at last settled itself "fine"—proved a brilliant success. It was difficult to find even standing room for the many amateurs who arrived late. The programme at the first concert began with a selection from Rossini's *Semiramide*, in which Mdlle. Tietjens as the Assyrian Queen, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Arace, and Signor Agnesi as Assur, took part. That among the "numbers" set down were the *cavatina*, "Ah! quel giorno" (Madame Trebelli-Bettini); the duet, "Bella immago" (Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Agnesi); the *cavatina*, with chorus, "Bel raggio lusinghier" (solos by Mdlle. Tietjens); the duet, "Sertami ognor" (Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Agnesi); the duet, "Ebben a te ferisci" (Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli-Bettini)—shorn, by the way, of its final movement—and the melodious *terzetto*, "L'usato ardir," will be taken for granted. How the eminent artists we have named are used to sing this particular music of Rossini's, London readers in the habit of attending either opera or concert-room need not be informed. Of course, the universally-popular overture and the introductory chorus, "Belo si celebri," formed part of the selection; as did also the too frequently omitted *scena*, with chorus, which Assur (Signor Agnesi) sings at the tomb of the murdered Ninus—one of the finest and most powerfully dramatic pieces in the entire opera.

According to custom, we subjoin the scheme of the second, or miscellaneous, section of the programme, as an example of the kind of entertainment most acceptable to the audiences who attend:—

Overture, "Der Freischütz" ... ..	Weber.
Romance, "O ma maîtresse" (Laila Roukh) ... ..	F. David.
Song, "She wandered down the mountain side" ... ..	F. Clay.
Aria, "Nasee al bosco" (Ezio) ... ..	Handel.
Solo Violin, Fantasia on Scotch Airs ... ..	Sainton.
Song, "When the moon is brightly shining" ... ..	Molière.
Air, "When all was young" (Faust) ... ..	Gounod.
Part Song, "The Sea hath its pearls" ... ..	Pinsuti.
Aria, "In questo semplece" (Betty) ... ..	Donizetti.
Old English Ditty, "To Celia" (about 1600) ... ..	
Recit. and Hunting Chorus (The Seasons) ... ..	Haydn.

There was variety and to spare in the above, and as none of those who had a share in the excerpts from *Semiramide* were called upon for anything else, the dreary lengthiness so often complained of was comparatively done away with. The marked successes were obtained by Weber's magnificent overture; the pretty romance of Felicien David, which Mr. W. H. Cummings sings so often and so well, and in which Miss Trust played the harp accompaniment; Mr. Frederick Clay's charming ballad, which no one gives with more genuine expression than Miss Edith Wynne, the "Welsh nightingale" (*Eos Cymru*); Handel's air from *Ezio*, admirably suited to the voice and style of Mr. Santley; the effective part-song of Signor Pinsuti, by the Bradford Choral Society (encored); and last, not least, the *Scotch Fantasia*, executed with wonderful dexterity by its composer, M. Sainton, and encored with such persistence that the great French violinist, our modern Baillet, was compelled, after being thrice called

back, to repeat the last movement. This, the only solo included in the evening programmes, was decidedly the feature of the concert at which it was introduced. The other singers were Miss Enriquez (accompanied on the violoncello, in M. Gounod's romance from *Faust*); Mr. Edward Lloyd, to whom was confided the graceful ballad of Molière; Mdlle. Bartkowska and Mr. Montem Smith, to whom were respectively intrusted the *aria* from *Betty* and the old English setting of Ben Jonson's famous verses, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." The concert, on the whole, afforded unmingled pleasure.

Still more satisfactory in many respects was the second miscellaneous concert, which came off yesterday evening. On this occasion we had not only an overture, but also a symphony—each a masterpiece. The hall, as we have hinted, was densely thronged, county families arriving from all parts, and the townsmen mustering in larger numbers than usual;—for it cannot be denied that at these music meetings, whether held at Worcester, Hereford, or Gloucester, the townspeople, who derive the most benefit from them, seem, to a certain extent, the least zealous in encouraging them by their support. The overture was that of Mendelssohn to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the symphony was Beethoven's immortal No. 5 (C minor). Both were well performed, the symphony especially, under the direction of Mr. Townshend Smith. Though overture and symphony are equally familiar, the former requires more delicacy of handling in its elaborate and intricate details, while the symphony speaks for itself "in a voice of thunder." Never in our remembrance was a composition of its length and pretensions listened to with more devout attention by a crowded Festival audience. It was a sign of promise for the future, and a guarantee of the fact so important to art, that "the (musical) schoolmaster is abroad." The late Lord Brougham himself, who first set up this cry, and who took great interest in music, would have been pleased to find a work so serious and uncompromising seriously regarded by a "mixed" crowd of auditors. The first part of the concert ended with the famous setet, "Sola, sola," which, when speaking of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, the great Italian, Cherubini, declared to be the finest piece of concerted music for solo voices and orchestra in existence. In this setet, the singers being Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Agnesi, Messrs. Montem Smith and Santley, the result may be easily imagined. Among the miscellaneous pieces in the first part there were many things worthy of notice, and among them not least noticeable was the beautiful air from Cherubini's almost forgotten opera, *Anacreon*, "Je n'ai besoin pour embellir ma vie," which Mr. Cummings resuscitated, and which he sings with such true sentiment. In this he enjoyed valuable aid from the clarinet *obbligato* of Mr. Lazarus, as did also Miss Edith Wynne, whose charmingly unaffected delivery of Spohr's "Bird and the maiden," and Macfarren's "Pack clouds away, and welcome day," was among the genuine features of the concert. Balfé's melodious setting of the Laureate's verses, "Good night, good night, beloved," which Mr. Sims Reeves first brought publicly forward, is now too seldom heard, and was all the more welcome on account of the careful and artistic manner in which it was rendered by Mr. Edward Lloyd. There were noteworthy displays in the first part—such as the "O mio Fernando" of Mdlle. Tietjens; an air from Handel's Italian opera, *Orlando* (Signor Agnesi); Haydn's "Spirit song" (Miss Enriquez); Signor Piatti's effective hunting song "Waken lords and ladies gay," given with such healthy vigour by Mr. Santley that an encore was the result; and our great barytone, in answer to the demand of the audience, returned to the platform and substituted J. L. Hatton's fine song, "Bid me weep and I will weep," which was heard with no less pleasure; and, to conclude, an air from Mercadante's opera, *Il Giuramento*, which could not have been entrusted to one more competent to do it justice than Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

Between the first and second parts of the concert, Lord Bateman, President of the Festival, appeared unexpectedly on the platform, and informed the audience that he had been requested by the members of the chorus and orchestra to express their warm appreciation of the oratorio of Sir F. Gore Ouseley, in the performance of which they had taken part in the morning, and to offer him their united thanks. The proceeding, though somewhat unusual, met with unanimous approval from the audience, who applauded loudly, and still more enthu-

astially when the composer of *Hagar* came forward and said that he felt exceedingly grateful for so unexpected a compliment, and hoped that when he next appeared before the public as a composer his work would be more complete, though he could not hope that it would be more admirably performed. A more becoming speech under the circumstances could hardly have been made.

The second part, after the symphony of Beethoven, was made up of materials gathered here, there, and everywhere. Signor Agnesi gave "Non piu andrai" (*Figaro*); Miss Enriquez sang a very graceful ballad, "He thinks I do not love him," by Madame Sainton Dolby; and Mr. Montem Smith introduced "Rosalind," one of the most genuine Shakespearian settings of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Then came the somewhat hackneyed duet, "Ai capricci della sorte," from Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri* (Madame Trebelli and Signor Agnesi); Bishop's florid air, "Bid me discourse," uttered with bird-like fluency by Miss Edith Wynne, who has been earning golden opinions both at the morning and evening concerts; next, Mr. Sullivan's expressive romance, "A life that lives for you" (Mr. Santley); next, Signor Ardit's waltz, "L'Ardita" (Mlle. Tietjens); next a duet for tenor and barytone, from Donizetti's *Betty* (Messrs. E. Lloyd and Santley); next a bolero, by Offenbach, "C'est l'Espagne" (Madame Trebelli); next, "Just as of old," an expressive romance by Mr. Cummings, of which the composer himself was the fitting interpreter; and, lastly, "God save the Queen," for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices, the solos undertaken by Mlle. Tietjens, Messrs. Cummings and Santley. Here was a programme to suit all tastes, and no wonder that the audience separated at the end with the fullest persuasion that they had been delighted beyond measure. The performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* at the Cathedral on one of the three evenings formally dedicated to entertainment at the Shire Hall, of the scope and calibre we have described, reduced the number of miscellaneous concerts from three to two. The change was found no less acceptable this year than in 1870, when, under the same conditions, an oratorio was given, and the Cathedral lighted up for the occasion. *St. Paul*, with Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Agnesi in the chief parts, was a genuine success, and it is to be hoped that at future meetings the new arrangement may be persisted in.

The *Messiah*, to-day, brought an attendance of no less than 1,815 persons, and a collection for the charity of £277 13s. 8d., thus bringing the amount to be handed over to the widows and orphans, independent of future donations invariably counted on, to £901 19s. 4d. If the assertion of a well-known musical historian about three-quarters of a century ago, that this sublime work has "fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan," was true when Dr. Burney wrote, how much more so is it true now when, after so long a period, its attraction still remains, and is likely to remain, for three quarters of a century more. The *Messiah* at one of these festivals is worth coming for, especially when sunshine prevails, as was the case to-day. The streets were thronged by people anxious to see the magnates of the county as they passed up the principal thoroughfares on the way to the Cathedral, and the Cathedral Close itself offered a scene of similar movement and animation. The colossal choruses of the *Messiah*, by the way, were listened to by numbers of persons outside the church with scarcely less gratification than they were listened to by those privileged to be within. It is unnecessary to describe the performance of this the sacred oratorio without parallel. Enough that it was in all respects good, that the choruses were uniformly well delivered, and that the solo singers—Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Trebelli, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Cummings, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Agnesi, and Mr. Santley, among whom the parts were variously distributed—were one and all at their very best. During the performance of the great choruses, "Hallelujah," "Glory to God," and "Worthy is the Lamb," the audience stood up, in accordance with the traditional custom.

If only that these Festivals enable numbers of people to hear the *Messiah*, the most eloquent sermon ever preached from year to year, who might never be able to hear it in its integrity, still less likely to hear it worthily executed, and unlikeliest of all, to hear it in a church, it would indeed be a pity that the Festivals of the Three Choirs should ever be abandoned.

Sept. 13th, 1873.

Little more remains to be said about the 150th meeting of the Festival of the Three Choirs, which has been much more successful than was anticipated. The subjoined table of statistics, published in the *Hereford Journal* of to-day, showing the comparative number of persons attending the performances, and also the various collections for the Charity on each day in 1867, 1870, and 1873, will suffice to convey some notion of the actual results of the meeting just over:—

		Number of persons attending.					
AT THE CATHEDRAL.		1867.		1870.		1873.	
Tuesday morning	...	657	...	845	...	1,097	...
Wednesday morning	...	1,564	...	1,256	...	963	...
Thursday morning	...	815	...	888	...	873	...
Friday morning	...	2,300	...	1,672	...	1,815	...
Thursday evening	...	—	...	923	...	—	...
Wednesday evening	...	—	...	—	...	869	...
CONCERTS.							
Tuesday	...	—	...	—	...	298	...
Wednesday	...	733	...	383	...	—	...
Thursday	...	733	...	711	...	677	...
		1867.		1870.		1873.	
COLLECTIONS.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Tuesday	...	188	2 1	146	9 1	179	16 5
Wednesday	...	153	13 4	151	10 7	224	8 10
Thursday	...	268	9 9	95	19 2	225	0 5
Friday	...	534	19 11	394	9 2	277	13 8
		1,155	5 1	788	8 0	906	19 4
Additional donations		247	0 3	329	2 6	—	—
Totals		1,402	5 4	1,117	10 6	—	—

"It should be noticed that the Friday's collection in 1867 was augmented by £150, which Mr. Sims Reeves placed on the plate on account of his inability to sing."

The amount of the additional donations to the Charity cannot be known for some time yet; but, although it is not likely that the gross receipts will equal those of 1867, swelled out as they were by the unexpected contribution of Mr. Sims Reeves, it will probably at least show fairly against the sum total of 1870. So that, after all, Hereford still holds its own as among the most liberal supporters of the fund for the widows and orphans.

The concert of chamber music, given in the Grand Jury Room of the Shire Hall last night, afforded, as on previous occasions, an opportunity of testing, in quartet playing, the quality of some of the chief performers on stringed instruments. The selection was as follows:—

Quartet in G, Op. 77, No 2	...	Haydn.
Song, "The Charmer"	...	Mendelssohn.
Song, "The Lotos Flower"	...	Schumann.
Song, "The joys of Home"	...	Schumann.
Quartet in A minor, Op. 13	...	Mendelssohn.
Duet, "Silent Prayer," Op. 18	...	Otto Goldschmidt.
Quartet in F (No. 1)	...	Beethoven.

This was a "Monday Popular Concert," of which Mr. Arthur Chappell himself would have approved. The players in the quartets—admirably selected, by the way—were M. Sainton (first violin), Mr. Ralph (second violin), Mr. R. Blagrove (viola), and Mr. Pettit (violin-cello). The singers were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Montem Smith—the spontaneous and beautiful song of Mendelssohn devolving upon the lady, and the expressive ballads of Schumann upon the gentleman. In Herr Otto Goldschmidt's duet the two combined their voices. Mr. Townshend Smith, who has done such excellent service to this Festival, and well sustained the reputation he has earned by no less than thirty years' zealous and laborious work in the interest of the meetings, undertook the task of accompanying the vocal music on the pianoforte.

The ball at the Shire Hall was comparatively a failure, scarcely 100 persons being present; and it is not at all unlikely that the result may lead to a discontinuance of these festive gatherings, which, coming as they do after a very hard week's music, sacred and secular, morning and evening, seem a little out of place, or, at all events, scarcely as much of a recreation as they might be under other circumstances. In speaking of the second miscellaneous concert we should have stated that, besides his speech referring to the oratorio of *Hagar* and it

composer, the President, Lord Bateman, addressed the audience to the purport that Mdlle. Tietjens had kindly volunteered to sing another song, in addition to the pieces set down for her in the programme. That the audience was gratified with this announcement need scarcely be told; nor was their gratification lessened by the fact that the song chosen by the accomplished lady was Professor Oakeley's thoughtful and expressive setting of the Laureate's well-known stanzas, "Tears, idle tears," which had already been heard with such pleasure at the Birmingham Festival. The song was accompanied on the pianoforte by Dr. S. S. Wesley, whose masterly improvisations at the early services, and whose artistic performance of the organ part in Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* have been among the most noticeable features of the week. Despite the weather, which has been throughout provokingly uncertain—the only absolutely fine day being the day of the *Messiah*—the meeting at Hereford has been in all respects an agreeable one. None can have gone away disappointed after attending any of the performances, morning or evening; and none can have questioned the fact that Mr. Townshend Smith, together with all who co-operated with him, had done the very best to make them as good as they could possibly be made. The Bishop of the diocese, who was compelled to be absent during the week, evinced his sympathy for the cause by a donation of 25 guineas. There was, it is true, but one novelty—Sir Gore Ouseley's oratorio, *Hagar*. That novelty, however, was a deserved success; while the introduction of Handel's *Jephthah* exhibited both spirit and enterprise in the right direction.

#### MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

September 10th, 1873.

"Eh! dis donc Mam'zelle Trognon"—"Quand on conspir'" c'est "Tres jolie, peu polie"—"I beg pardon! but *La Fille de Mme. Angot* has been repeated so often at the theatre to crowded audiences that I feel unwell, and fancy I really am a conspirator, and keep asserting in tones more or less musical, though I know 'tis very untruthful all the time, that "De Mme. Angot je suis la fille." *Faust* was very well put on the stage on Saturday, Mdlle. Poitevin taking the part of Gretchen in a pleasing way. The voice of this artist is thin; the upper register is the best part, and, at times, when she "throws herself into her part," it comes out well. M. Bresson was, as he always is, a good Faust. M. Larrivé, with his good bass voice, sang the part of Mephistopheles in the accurate way it ought to be sung. M. Durant, as Valentine, was true to his notes; and last, not least, Mdlle. Mey, of whom I have already written, played the rôle of Siebel with her usual vivacity and grace.

The *Huguenots* and *Guillaume Tell*, as grand operas, make up our operatic summary; M. Cazabon singing in each, but not with the same ease and excellence as he did in the *Juive*.

And now I must make you up the mixture of concerts (various) and *fêtes* we have been revelling in. The afternoon concerts have been unusually good; I give you a programme of last Monday's as a specimen:—

"1, Ouverture de *Mireille*, Gounod; 2, 'Mira la Bianca Luna,' Rossini; 3, Valse sur *Hamlet*, E. Etling; 4, Ouverture de *La Bohémienne*, Balfe; 5, Fantasia sur *Rigoletto*, Singécé."

The only other concert I have to allude to (and the large attendance at which, though it may have filled the pockets of the artist (?) who gave it, and who is, no doubt, "Great" in his own estimation, only confirms my notes on the taste of people here—"Chaque un a son goût") was that of "The Great Vance." "Old Brown's daughter," "Jolly dogs," &c., delighted an "appreciative" audience, but much disgusted the frequenters of the beautiful *salle de l'Etablissement*, who are accustomed to resort there to listen to real music. It was built as a Temple to the muses, and not to be desecrated by vulgarity.

On Wednesday (the 3rd) the third *Fête d'Enfants* took place. It was a pretty sight, and to increase the enjoyment of the juveniles, after hopping about in various attitudes and at varied paces, Mr. Spiers, the kind managing director, presented each little one with a souvenir in the shape of a book.

There is a society here, consisting chiefly of trade's-people of

the town, which styles itself "*La Société de Bienfaisance*"—what kind of "*Bienfaisance*" it does I do not know, but I do know that it spends a large amount every Monday during the season in illuminating a garden, where dancing and fireworks are the attractions. An energetic gentleman connected with "*La Société*" went lately to Brussels, and negotiated with, or rather invited, "*La Musique des Guides*," well known all over Europe for their excellent performances of the best music, to "come over and help us" at a special "three days *fête*." A display of Belgian banners hung out on our "outer walls," processions (torchlight and otherwise), regattas, concerts, and balls formed the other amusements of the *fête*. The Society, of course, spends lots of money on these *fêtes* and in consequence looks after its pennies to realize its pounds; but I think it is a mistake to exclude the press from the free list, particularly when it might do them at times so much good. Onelast remark: If the "*Guides*" had received an invitation from the Sous-Préfet and a committee of gentlemen of influence in the town, and accepted it, the *fête* would have been a success. I have heard, on good authority, that the "*Guides*" uttered notes of complaint even at their reception.

Shooting has begun, and through the wheat stubble is heard the "frequent gun" of the ideal Alphonse, "got up" in top boots, a white coat, spectacles, a broad-brimmed hat, two netted shooting-bags, a single-barrel muzzle-loading game destroyer, and a shaved poodle rejoicing in the name of "Milord," or "Tom" (the only names I ever heard French dogs called). Boulogne is consequently getting empty. The provoking costumes—(hats made like half a soup-plate in front, with a broken slop-basin as a *finale*, and celestial blue gauze floating around, are a feature)—still continue, and, as the Alphonse are away, attract, and captivate the hearts of the remaining Augustes or Henris, as the case may be. S. C.

#### ENGLISH OPERA AT MANCHESTER.

(From the "Evening News.")

The production of *The Bohemian Girl* at the Theatre Royal drew a crowded house, and the performance was one of the best of the season. It was also, as a whole, one of the finest representations which have been given of the work, though previous performances in Manchester are associated with very pleasant memories. At the time to which these recollections take us back the importance of efficiency in the choral and orchestral arrangements was not so rigorously recognised as it now is, under the bâton of Mr. Carl Rosa; and it was mainly owing to this fact—and not to any lack of taste or skill in solo singing—that English Opera fell into decay. That it will succeed, however, under the condition of competent musical direction, combined with liberal expenditure, is no longer a matter of doubt. The feature of main interest last evening was the first appearance of Miss Rose Hersee, of whose capabilities flattering reports had preceded her *début* in Manchester. In figure, voice, and manner, she suits the part of Arline so admirably that success was a foregone conclusion. It is evident that she has undergone a sound musical training, and, though very young, her form as an operatic actress is already defined. Her voice, though rather attenuated, is sweet, flexible, and expressive, but its charms are not improved by the *vibrato* embellishments to which she is prone. She was warmly encored for her singing of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls;" and, among many other examples of delightful vocalization, the appeal at the feet of the Count, in the third act, may be mentioned with commendation. Miss Hersee's acting was in entire keeping with the spirit of the character, and her appearance in other parts will be looked forward to with interest. Mr. Castle has never acquitted himself more satisfactorily than in Thaddeus, and several of his airs were rapturously re-demanded. As the Gipsy Queen, Miss Franklin sang and acted most excellently, and Mr. Aynsley Cook did himself great credit in the character of Devilshoof. Mr. Campbell, as Count Arnheim, earned a fair share of applause. In other respects, the opera was well put upon the stage, the chorus and band being everything that could be reasonably wished. Balfe's opera of *Satanella* has also been performed (for the first time in Manchester), with Miss Blanche Cole in the title rôle, and Mr. George Perren in the part of Count Rupert.



## OPENING OF THE NEW ORGAN AT MALVERN LINK.

(From the "Malvern News.")

The new organ recently erected by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester, at St. Matthias's Church, Malvern Link, was duly opened on Wednesday, September 2. Divine service commenced at 11.30 p.m., when there was a large attendance, every available seat in the church being occupied. Mr. W. Haynes, the talented organist of the Priory Church, presided at the organ throughout the service. The opening voluntary, an "Andante" for solo stops by Beethoven, and the concluding one, "Austrian Hymn," with pedal *obbligato*, arranged by E. Chipp, were played in a manner that gave the conductor ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the powers of the instrument, and his accompaniment to the chants and hymns was most appropriate. After the voluntary, hymn 296 was sung from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the book used in this church and those in the neighbourhood of Malvern. The service was full choral, the responses being plain song as adapted from Tallis for the festival of choirs at Lincoln Cathedral. The psalms selected were the 47th, 48th, and 108th, and these, with the canticles, were sung to various single chants. The anthem, "O Lord, Thou art great and glorious," was sung spiritedly by the choir; it was composed by J. M. W. Young, organist of Lincoln Cathedral. The hymn before the sermon was the 145th, and hymn 370 was sung during the collection, which reached over £35 15s. The prayers were read by the incumbent, the Rev. E. Acton Davies. The first lesson was read by the Rev. F. Woodward, curate, and the second by the Rev. J. Pearson, rural dean. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese preached the sermon.

The organ chamber, which is a most suitable apartment for that instrument, is built at the east end of the church, on the north side, and to the left hand upon entering the church at the north door. It was built by Mr. Porter specially for the purpose, and, under the careful superintendence of the architect, Mr. H. Haddon, was constructed with due regard to its suitability to the purpose it has to serve. The organ itself is sweet in tone, and yet powerful. Its situation appears to have been well chosen by the designer, Mr. W. Haynes, who, as organist of the Priory Church of this town, has here displayed his knowledge of acoustics to no very small degree; for the organ, in its present position, while pouring forth its tones with power and resonance throughout the building, is not overpowering for the size of the church, while tones of the softest and most beautiful character can also be produced from it.

The following is the specification of the organ, which has two complete sets of manuals throughout, also full compass pedal organ. It was designed by Mr. W. Haynes, organist of the Priory Church and College Chapel, the cost being 350 guineas:—

## GREAT ORGAN, CC TO G, 56 NOTES.

- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Open diapason, metal, 8 ft. 56 pipes.               | 4. Wald flute, wood, 4 ft. 44 pipes. |
| 2. Dulciana, metal, 8 ft. 56 pipes.                    | 5. Principal, metal, 4 ft. 56 pipes. |
| 3. Stop diapason and clarabella, wood, 8 ft. 56 pipes. | 6. Fifteenth, metal, 2 ft. 56 pipes. |
|  | 7. Preparation for sesquialtra.      |
|  | 8. Preparation for trumpet.          |

## SWELL ORGAN, CC TO G, 56 NOTES.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 9. Bourdon, wood and metal, 16 ft. tone, 56 pipes. | 13. Salicional, metal, 8 ft. 44 pipes. |
| 10. Open diapason, tenor C, metal, 8 ft. 44 pipes. | 14. Preparation for harmonic flute.    |
| 11. Lieblich gedact, metal 8 ft. 44 pipes.         | 15. Principal, metal, 4 ft. 56 pipes.  |
| 12. Stop diapason bass, wood, 8 ft. 12 pipes.      | 16. Preparation for piccolo.           |
|  | 17. Cornopean, metal, 8 ft. 56 pipes.  |
|  | 18. Preparation for hautboy.           |

## PEDAL ORGAN, CCC TO F, 30 NOTES.

19. Open diapason, wood, 16 ft. 30 pipes.  
20. Preparation for bourdon.

## COUPLERS.

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 21. Swell to great.  | 22. Great to pedals. |
| 23. Swell to pedals. |                      |

At the conclusion of the service a bazaar was held in the National Schoolroom.

GRATZ.—Mlle. Minnie Hauck commenced a short engagement at the Landestheater by appearing as Suzanne in *Le Nozze di Figaro*. She was recalled after every air, as well as at the end of each act, besides having to take part a second time in the Letter-Duet.

## PROMENADE CONCERTS.

It was a bold step on the part of M. Rivière to announce a "Wagner Night," seeing that the public on whom he chiefly depends were not supposed to take much interest in the Teutonic "Reformer," or, indeed, to know more of him than that his name has long been synonymous with all that is discordant in the musical world. The manager's boldness, however, was quite justified by the result. No meeting and clashing of Wagnerites and anti-Wagnerites took place; no heads were broken, and if a hat was crushed the cause must have been friendly pressure or heedless enthusiasm. To all appearance, Covent Garden Theatre contained nothing but Wagnerites on Tuesday last. They filled the boxes and "circles," they perspired in the gallery, and got jammed in what is facetiously called the "promenade," all animated by a common willingness to applaud everything, and all seemingly as earnest as Herr Wagner could desire. The value of such a demonstration under such circumstances may not be great, especially as a Promenade audience revels in noise, but it shows, at any rate, that Wagnerian music, while it can captivate solemn, spectacled Germans, and throw owl-wised Anglo-Germans into ecstasies, has a phase which the "many-headed" can admire. The selection presented by M. Rivière was, on the whole, a good one. It began with the March from *Tannhäuser*, the same opera contributing, also, the recitative, "Like Death's dark shadow," and air, "O star of eve." This vocal piece was admirably sung by Signor Gustave Garcia, who threw into it exactly the right amount and right kind of passion. An orchestral selection from *Rienzi* was followed by one from *Lohengrin*, which combined the chorus with the band. Herr Werrenrath obtained an encore for the singing of "The Pilot" (*Der Fliegende Holländer*), and the Wagner pieces ended with the overture to *Tannhäuser* and the *Kaiser March*. All the orchestral music was effectively played, if not in every case remarkable for delicacy of execution. Noise, however, is the grand requisite when Herr Wagner has to be interpreted, and noise enough was forthcoming to produce the enthusiasm already described.

In the miscellaneous part of the concert were introduced Gungl's waltz, "Dreams on the Ocean" (encored), and a Swiss air with variations, by M. Rivière, "La Fiancée d'Appenzel," which seemed to give much pleasure. A Scotch selection was given on Thursday with great success, Miss Newton, Miss Alice Barth, Mlle. Corneille d'Anka, Mr. George Perren, and M. Gustave Garcia contributing the vocal portion; and Miss Ada Lester a solo on the pianoforte, "Highland Gems," by Mr. Willie Pape, which obtained unanimous and well-deserved applause. The orchestral selections were from *Guy Mannering* and *Rob Roy*.

BROOKLYN.—A monument is about to be erected in Prospect Park to Robert Burns.

HANOVER.—The season was to be inaugurated on Goethe's birthday, that is: the 28th ult., by his play of *Egmont* with Beethoven's music.

KARLSBAD (Bohemia).—The chief features of the Curhaus Concerts during the last week have been: Introduction from Fr. v. Holstein's opera, *Haideesacht*; overture to Gluck's *Iphigenie*; Adagio from Beethoven's "Sonate pathétique;" overture to Mozart's *Titus*; Adagio from Beethoven's sonata, Op. 22 (by desire); R. Wagner's "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel;" overture to *Der Freischütz*; scenes from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; "Cavallerie March," by C. Wilhelm. The instrumental solos were, as usual, those of our excellent harpist, Mlle. Anna Dubez, who played with immense success a very clever composition by her brother, Mr. Jos. Dubez, entitled "Æolian harp," as also Godefroid's "Mélancolie" and "Danse des Sylphes;" and from the rich *répertoire* with which C. Oerthur has supplied the harp, his brilliant solos, "La Cascade," "Clouds and Sunshine," "Air russe," and "Fairly Legend;" also the same composer's "Une nuit d'été," nocturne for harp and hautbois and two Romances, "The moon is gleaming" and a "Serenade" and "Evening wish." Both these last pieces were originally songs with harp *obbligato*, the last one having been introduced in London last season by Madame Regan-Schimmon. The voice parts were played on the hautbois by Herr Klemke with so much taste and expression that the "Serenade" had to be repeated by general desire. Particular notice is also deserved for a Fantasia for harp and horn, the horn part being finely played by Herr Behr; and Ernst's "Elegie" for harp and violin, the latter played with much feeling and expression by Herr Prantl. Also an "Elegie" by Zamara, for harp and violoncello, played by Mlle. Dubez and Herr Lang, was received with marked favour.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAPT. MARMADUKE TWITCH.—We cannot afford the space in our columns for a full and satisfactory reply to your question, or rather series of questions. We have no doubt the Bandmaster of your regiment could furnish you with the information required.

POOR PILLICODDY.—No. The Sir John Hawkins of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Piozzi was not, as far, at least, as we are aware, an ancestor of Mr. Hawkins, Q. C. The epitaph which some friends suggested for him ran thus:

"Here lies Sir John Hawkins,  
Without his shoes and stockings."

The last word must, of course, be pronounced "stawkins," or the Knight's patronymic, "Hockings." Choose according to taste.

LAMPLOUGH BROWN.—Dr. William Croft died in 1727 in his fiftieth year, in consequence of an illness occasioned by his attendance at the Coronation of George II. His master was the well-known Dr. Blow, Purcell's successor as organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster.

PINAFORE.—There are plenty of elementary works published on the subject at an exceedingly moderate price.

CASTLEBAR JONES.—It certainly does not say much for the good sense and taste of the public that they should be amused by such puerilities. It always has been so, however, and, most likely, always will be. A French writer has remarked very pertinently:

"Le monde est vieux, dit-on, je le crois, cependant  
Il le faut amuser encore comme un enfant."

A. H.—Yes. The late Mr. Alfred Mellon composed music in almost all forms, from his early youth upwards. The most important pieces we can call to mind are—an opera called *Victorine*, performed at Covent Garden Theatre by the Pyne and Harrison company; a string quartet, which was played on one of the "English nights" at the Monday Popular Concerts; several orchestral overtures, among which, especially admired, was *Romulus*, given at the Fromenade Concerts and elsewhere, &c., &c. Mr. Mellon studied composition under Molique, at Stuttgart.

## BIRTH.

On September 8th, in Paris, the wife of MAURICE SCHLESINGER, Esq., of a son.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

THE well-known answer: *Non mi ricordo*, given to innumerable questions of great moment, put by the learned counsel during the famous, or infamous, trial of Queen Caroline, and the haze which at times envelops matters of primary importance connected with the suit now dragging its slow length along before the Lord Chief Justice of England, aided by Justices Mellor and Lush, proves that memory is no more to be relied on than the word of your particular friend for whom you put your name to that little bill, which he promises so faithfully—and forgets so generally—to take up when it falls due. But not only is memory false; it is eccentric. It will lose its grasp of hundreds of really weighty circumstances in a man's career, allowing them to glide quietly down the stream of oblivion, while it treasures up comparatively trivial and insignificant facts. Thus, for instance, the period of our own boyhood as now reflected upon the retina of our mental eye very much resembles in its general effect an early photographic portrait melting away into hazy nothing, but with the tip of the nose, the left eye, or one of a pair of more than naturally large hands, standing out in bold relief from the surrounding indistinctness. Among the objects dating from the above period, but as vivid as if the

period was only yesterday, nay, only yesterday during the summer in the polar regions, when yesterday glides imperceptibly into to-day, and is so like it that there is no telling which is which—among these objects may be mentioned the enormous show bottles in chemists' shop windows. We had already read our Gulliver, and fancied these huge samples of the glass-blower's skill were intended for customers from Brobdingnag. We actually went so far as to entertain a most fervent hope that we might happen to be passing when one of the gigantic patrons of the establishment called to have his prescription made up, though we had an inner consciousness that, if unfortunate enough to be so lucky, we should wish to run away, but should most likely fall down in a fit. It was at night, particularly, that the monster bottles impressed us, when the lights behind them displayed with such intensity the deep crimson, fairy-like blue, or other coloured liquids with which they were filled. Then, too, how mysterious, how weird-like, how awe-inspiring, were to us the characters inscribed on them. We are not sure that, even now, those characters do not inspire us with a sort of involuntary reverence, so deep that, if proceeding from our own free will, it ought to be reserved as a tribute for the cuneiform legends on the Nineveh bull. For years did we admire those bottles, and for years did we imagine they contained real medicine for real customers, even though the latter might not be of the abnormal pattern suggested by Dean Swift's story. If we may be allowed to desecrate Moore's well-known lines, even at the present day:

"Whenever a mixture we take, or a pill,  
The thought of those bottles adheres to us still."

At length uneasy suspicions began to haunt us. We determined, no matter at what cost, to know the truth. We made enquiries and found that the eye-enticing contents of the bottles consisted merely of cunningly-coloured water, while the mystic characters outside were as devoid of meaning as the productions of our modern would-be metaphysical poets. In a word, we discovered these bottles were a sham, an aqueo-vitrious sham.

But, at any rate, if they were a sham, they were useful; they served to fill up a shop window, and, in our opinion—such is the force of boyish predilection when it does survive,—by their brilliant hues, to ornament them. The same quality of usefulness may be claimed for many other shams with which we became acquainted as we advanced

"Through life's dull road, so dim and dirty."

Whatever the gallant Sir Charles Napier may have thought in his own breast, when the truth was subsequently disclosed, the Russians, no doubt, prized very highly the wooden shams fashioned in the semblance of cannon, and planted on the forts of Cronstadt, to such good purpose, as to prevent the British fleet from quietly sailing up to St. Petersburg and, if necessary, laying it in ashes. Then again the heaps of "fine moist at 4½d. per lb., highly recommended," the mountains of "this year's currants just received, very prime," the towering stores of fragrant old Hyson and equally desirable young Souchong, with which grocers seek to attract thrifty housewives, are most superficial shams, being the thinnest possible layers, the most wafer-like strata of the various articles lightly strewn over the boards beneath; "*grattez la cassonade, et vous trouverez le sapin.*" But as they hurt no one, and are calculated to create an apparent reign of exuberant plenty where, perhaps, only a bare sufficiency might meet the eye, and produce on it a less pleasing effect, we have nothing to say against them.

There are other shams, however, and their name is



legion, to which we object most strongly. Not only are they injurious to the interests they are supposed to serve, but are frequently dishonest, and, moreover, stupid. We will confine ourselves to one or two such shams connected with music or the drama. A play is produced, an opera brought out, for the first time. The next day, it is no unusual occurrence for the advertisements in the daily papers to announce a great hit, a tremendous success, and so on, though, perhaps, at the end of the week, the dramatic *chef d'œuvre* is quietly consigned to oblivion, and the musical masterpiece performed no more. It must be noted, too, that the advertisements appear, as a rule, the very next morning after the production of the belauded works. Either, then, the advertisements were penned before the doors of the theatre were opened, or the whole routine of the papers was deranged in order to insert them, no advertisements being received at 10 or 11 p.m. We leave the reader to decide which of the two alternatives is the correct one. But certain *impresarii*, theatrical and otherwise, are not contented with thus indulging in prophecy, like the gentlemen who write the tips for the sporting journals. They are partial to inserting "notices of the public press," in a peculiar method, forcibly bringing to mind the individuals who, if they have an opportunity, add 00 to the figure "4," and "hundred" to the equivalent word, previous to presenting a fourpound cheque to be cashed. The system is ingenious, but open to the imputation of swindling. One specimen will suffice to convey a clear idea of the peculiar method in question. A critic writes: "When stupidity is sense; obscenity, wit; and flatness, brilliancy, then, and not till then, we may say that the new drama of *The Modoc Chief, or Prairie and Fell*, is the best and most interesting work of modern times." The critic's opinion as quoted by the manager begins at "We may say, &c.," all that precedes being omitted. The sooner shams of this kind are thoroughly exposed and put down the better. Surely any one visiting a theatre or concert hall, on the force of such a truncated quotation, would be entitled to recover his admission from the manager for having obtained money under false pretences.

Another sham connected with the world of art is the bouquet sham. This, however is not criminal; it is only stupid. The heroine of the drama, or the *prima donna* in the opera, has just finished a scene amid anything but enthusiasm on the part of a far from numerous audience, when a bouquet is flung on the stage. Of course all eyes are turned to see who it is that has so exceptionally enjoyed the performance as to be worked up to bouquet-flinging pitch. But whoever the person may be, he or she, belongs evidently to the class of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;"

for, as often as not, the floral tribute has issued from an apparently empty box near the stage. This is odd; but something still more odd is that several more bouquets are flung down during the course of the performance seemingly by nobody. At times the process takes place only from one and the same box; at others, it is executed from two or more. Occasionally the dispensers of these flowery emblems of admiration are visible in flesh and blood. In nine cases out of ten, they do not look as though they possessed such a superfluity of this world's goods as would justify them in so costly a mode of manifesting approbation. Sometimes, it is true, a bouquet may proceed from an occupant of the stalls, but these cases are rare.

In times gone by, the public may have been deceived by

this bouquet business. But bouquets now are as much depreciated in value as the paper currency of France was during the first Revolution, when a handful of *assignats* of a thousand francs each would hardly pay for one's dinner. The system has been worked to death, and the public see through it as they see through the massive canvass walls of a stage dungeon not properly backed, with a hundred gas jets flaring away behind in readiness for the next scene. It is a sham which had better be allowed to fall into disuse as soon as possible. Bouquets, even when contracted for, cost a great deal. If fair artists would set aside for competent professors, and the expense entailed by a longer period of serious study, the sums which now find their way to Covent Garden florists and suburban nurserymen, they might not perhaps receive quite as many bouquets as they do, but those that did fall to their lot would be more highly prized by the recipient and respected by the public, because fairly and honourably deserved. L.

WE understand that at the end of the year Mr. George Grove will retire from the post of chief executive officer of the Crystal Palace, which he has filled since the formation of that company in 1852. We are glad, in the interests of the Crystal Palace and its visitors, to hear that the directors will then propose to the shareholders that Mr. Grove should take a seat at the Board of Direction, so that his experience may not be lost to the Company.—*Times*.

MADRID.—Herr von Flotow's opera: *L'Ombre*, is to be produced at the Teatro della Zarzuela.

DRESDEN.—In the official report just published, we have a highly satisfactory account of the Tonkünstlerverein for the year 1872-73. The Honorary Principal is Herr F. A. Kummer; the Presidents are Herren A. Blassmann and J. Ruhlmann. In addition to 13 honorary members, there are 152 ordinary and 91 extraordinary members. Four grand public concerts are given every winter season. In the concerts of last season, 39 instrumental works, by 29 different composers, were performed; 15 for the first time.

NEW YORK.—The Broadway Theatre has opened with Charles Lecocq's buffo opera, *La Fille de Mme Angot*, which has achieved a genuine triumph. The principal characters are very well sustained by Mdles. Aimée, Stani, MM. Juteau, Duchesne, Deschamps, and Duplan. —The Olympic has inaugurated its new season by *Mephisto*, with Miss Lydia Thompson and her company. —An Italian dramatic company, with Herr Maurice Grau as manager, and Signor Tommaso Salvini as first star, was to open on the 16th inst., for a short series of performances at the Academy of Music.—Mr. P. S. Gilmore, of Jubilee notoriety, is to be here again. He is about to erect a monster Concert Hall upon a plot of unoccupied land in Fourteen Street, just opposite the Academy of Music.

RATISBON (Bavaria).—About C. Oberthür's Grand Mass, *St. Philip di Meri*, which has recently been performed here, the Ratisbon *Morgenblatt* of the 11th inst. writes:—"The celebrated harp-virtuoso, Charles Oberthür, has composed a Grand Mass, which was performed at Wiedermunster Church, on the 24th of August. This composition is rich in phrases of imposing effect, in which the sacred words are deeply felt and expressed with dignity by the music. The clever instrumentation produces powerful effects. An *Ave Maria* by the same composer is full of devout feeling, and, under the skilful direction of our chorus-regis, M. J. Hanisch, was particularly well sung. The question whether, and how far, both compositions are in church style, we leave open, but give free expression to our delight at this, as far as we know, the greatest product of Mr. Oberthür's talent consecrated to the praise of his Creator."

VIENNA.—The series of revivals at the Imperial Operahouse will be brilliantly inaugurated, about the end of October, by C. M. von Weber's *Oberon*. This will be followed, shortly afterwards, by R. Schumann's *Genoveva*, as the second novelty of the season, also with a new and magnificent *mise-en-scène*. The scenic department, for both operas, will be entrusted to the celebrated artists, Herren Burghard, Brieschl, and Kautzky, who hold the same position here that artists like Grieve, Beverley, and Telbin, hold in London. With regard to Herr Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, which was said to be definitely accepted, nothing is as yet settled.—Among the novelties secured by the management of the new Comic Operahouse there is a three-act comic opera, *Insa, die Wallfahrt der Königin*, the last work of Herr Joseph Foster, a local composer of very good repute. The principal female part is especially intended for Mdle. Minnie Hauck.

## CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.\*

Having taken care by means of education to eradicate all incipient faults in women, to confirm her health, to increase her powers of attraction, and fit her for the station which her talents and virtues entitle her to fill, we take the best means to ensure that the maiden shall at the proper age marry the man most pleasing to her, and most likely to secure the happiness of both. In every district a council of ladies, who have passed through certain ordeals, and a council of elders, regulate all matters relating to marriage. Over each of these presides a man of a certain age, and of spotless character, whose qualities, actions, and mode of life have been observed and recorded from early youth.

Let me more particularly describe how the lady makes choice of a husband.

During thirty-one evenings in succession the girl intended for the marriage state is placed in an assemblage composed of eighty-five young men, one of whom she is expected to choose, but however quickly her mind may be made up she is not allowed to announce her decision till the thirty-first evening has arrived. The eighty-five young men are selected by the councils from those only who have declared their intention of marrying. Any man of the same rank as the lady, who is desirous to be one of the eighty-five, is generally nominated at once, and if the girl has any especial liking for one particular person, she is allowed to communicate the fact privately to one of the ladies of the council. In cases, however, where both the councils are of opinion that there is any serious objection to the eligibility of the young man, they have the right to withhold the summons. This right they rarely exercise, and never until after communicating with the lady when she has named the gentleman. Every contingency is well considered; besides, the regulations which govern every step connected with these meetings, and the sacred feeling with which the councils regard the delicate trust confided to them, prevent any inconvenience which might otherwise arise from their proceedings. At these meetings the girl wears a peculiar head-dress with a star in front, to distinguish her from other ladies who are allowed to be present, but who, however, are expected not to pay court to the gentlemen. It would have been unreasonable to require the exercise of so much self-denial under the old system, but an acquisition of the power of self-denial forms part of the training prescribed by my system of education, and is now ordinarily practised when needed. This privilege of being present is highly prized and eagerly sought by ladies, if only for one of the thirty-one chosen evenings.

The gentlemen who wish to have their pretensions favourably viewed pay court to the young maiden of the star, and any gentleman who it is thought may prove agreeable can be called by the lady of the council, one of whom is always seated near the girl. On occasions, when some of the gentlemen present would rather not be amongst the aspirants, it is amusing to see them retire behind the others, hoping to escape without offence against the rules of good breeding. Should one of these be called by the lady superior, he will probably give himself awkward airs, and endeavour to be as little engaging as possible. The maiden generally looks modest and blushing, and needs the assistance of the lady superior, who is not unfrequently obliged to represent her in conversation. Before a week has elapsed the maiden of the star has generally intimated by look who is likely to be the selected one. Sometimes, however, she is fickle, and when one, encouraged by her expressive glance,

\* "Women are the mothers of the nation. The happiness of our life depends on theirs. They have much to bear. If we neglect them we neglect ourselves."

has paid her court, she will encourage another, and another, and another,—for on these occasions she has full liberty of action.

It is amusing to see the efforts of pretenders, and the expression put on, whilst overwhelming the lady with amabilities when her thoughts, and perhaps her glances, lie in another direction. She, in turn, may be obliged to use all her power to attract the one she desires to select. If she be a coquette, each one of many will think that he himself is the fortunate swain on whom her choice will fall. The doubts existing in these instances cause great excitement and amusement, and between the meetings pearls against rubies, diamonds against diamonds, and other precious stones are staked on the event. Great is the agitation on the thirty-first evening, when the maiden is expected to declare on whom her preference has fallen. She proclaims it by presenting the elected one with an appropriate flower, and thus is spared the pain of a verbal declaration. A band of music then announces, through a particular and well known strain, that the choice is made, and a march is played, to the measure of which the chosen one leads his intended to a throne on a slightly raised dais. Each of the gentlemen then approaches, successively presenting to the maiden a flower, which he lays on the table in front of the dais, wishing her at the same time happiness and joy. The lady will, perhaps, kiss the flower presented, when anxious to show regard for the giver, whom, however, she has not been able to choose. This ceremony of presenting flowers having been concluded, the future bride and bridegroom lead the way to the banqueting-room.

On the evening following, a meeting of three hours' duration takes place between the chosen one and the maiden, who is accompanied by the lady superior of the marriage council. The two converse, and if after mutual explanation anything incongruous is found, either party is at liberty to object, and the marriage does not take place; but if the three hours pass without objection, no further question can be raised. The two are then looked upon as betrothed, and after a certain interval the marriage takes place.

It sometimes happens that at the meetings of the eighty-five the maiden, distracted between contending aspirants, is unable to give the preference to any. In that case she is put back for another year. At the end of the year another assembly of young men is called; the number invited is limited, however, to forty-five, and the evenings are reduced to twelve. Should the lady again fail to select—a very improbable occurrence—another and final assembly would be called for the following year, the number of gentlemen being reduced to twenty-one, and the evenings to seven, and if the lady should still remain undecided she must be content to enjoy single blessedness during the rest of her life. For my own part I do not recollect more than one case where the selection was postponed beyond the second year.

MUNSTER.—*Der lustige Schuster*, a "Singspiel," or musical burletta, nearly 120 years old, by "father Hiller" was lately produced by Herr Carl Thalheim, at the Summer Theatre "on the Island," and was enthusiastically received. *Der Dorfbarbier*, by Jos. Schenk, *Rothköpchen*, by Ditteldorf, *Doctor und Apotheke*, by the same composer, and other admirable works of a past generation, have also been revived by Herr Thalheim.

MILAN.—Signor Borri's ballet, *Il Figliuol prodigo*, has proved a hit at the Scala. It is very splendidly placed upon the stage, and the principal parts are well sustained by Signora Trevisan, Signori Menzotti and Mendez. The music is by Signor Giacomini.—Signor Aramburo has appeared as Fernando in *La Favorita* at the Teatro Dal Verme. Among the operas shortly to be produced at this theatre are *Un Dillo in Maschera*, *Otello*, and *L'Ebra*. A new ballet, also, *Clarina*, by Signor Martinelli, is in active preparation.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

No less than fifteen journals devoted exclusively to music and the drama are published in Milan.

The Chicago Jubilee Orchestra attempted to play Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture, but failed utterly. Which was to blame? The orchestra or the overture?

"Ah!" said a great connoisseur, suddenly stopping the other day before a picture dealer's window, "There's a dog after Landseer!" "What's the dog after him for?" enquired a country friend.

WHY is it, enquires an American contemporary, eager for knowledge, that lightning never strikes organ grinders, that they never fall into the river; that they never starve to death, and are never bitten by mad dogs?

ACCORDING to the *Gazzetta Musicale*, an interesting discovery has lately been made by a French clerical journal. This estimable print, guided doubtless by divine inspiration, asserts that the recent German laws affecting the Roman Catholic Church are the work of Meyerbeer and of Halévy, whose operas, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, and *La Juive*, sowed the seeds of certain damnable and blasphemous opinions on religion. If the whole clerical press of France shares the above opinion, what a valuable band of allies Herr R. Wagner possesses for his attack on *Judaism in Music*.

As musicians are as much interested in, or disgusted at, the present *cause célèbre* pending in the Court of Queen's Bench, as other people, they will be delighted to learn, or annoyed on being informed, that the Tichborne family was one of great importance in Hampshire before the Norman Conquest, its surname being derived from the well known river Itchen, that runs into Southampton Water, along the eastern skirt of Southampton town. The name was formerly De Itchenborne. Then there was Sir Roger de Tichborne, Kt., in the reign of Henry II. The "de" was dropped in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the name was spelt as it is now, the Sir Benjamin Tichborne of that day being Sheriff of Southampton, and Knight of the Shire for Hants, in the 35th year of the same queen's reign. In 1620, James I. made this gentleman a baronet, and knighted his four sons, on account of the father, as Sheriff, proclaiming the king's accession at Winchester. He had also the fee-farm of the Castle of Winchester. The crest of the family is a hind's head between two wings, and not a bird's, as has been stated. The supporters are lions, and the motto is *Pugna pro patria*. The name of Doughty came into the family in 1826, in lieu of Tichborne, and, finally, "Doughty-Tichborne," in 1853.

No pen, says Señor Castelar, the new President of the Spanish Republic, can describe the solemnity of Palestrina's "Miserere" as executed at St Peter's:—

"The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. The altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the tenebrario is hidden behind the altar. The Cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the 'Miserere' is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchres and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her loads of ashes, as if, under her sackcloth, she writhed in her death agony. To weep thus, to lament, as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or amongst the scattered stones of the temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequalled. Rome! Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal, even in thy desperation and abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality which thy pontiffs have sustained and which thy artists will for ever preserve!"

## CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS FLORENCE ASHTON AND MR. COMPTON'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The young artist above mentioned has given performances at Margate and Chatham with great success. The larger amount of appreciation was shown in the former place, the latter not being a locality at all remarkable for its interest in matters either musical or theatrical—"a word to the wise." The performance of which we are now writing consists of recitations, comic and otherwise, by Mr. Edward Compton, son of the celebrated comedian of that name, who also sang some *buffo-scenes* most effectively, joining Miss Ashton in Parry's funny "A B C" duet. The fair contralto (mezzo-soprano) contributed a variety of English, Irish, and Scotch ballads, among which we may particularize, as having pleased most, "Home, sweet home," "The last Rose of Summer," "Katty Moyle," and "Robin Adair." If "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," surely Miss Ashton's claims to popularity must be acknowledged by all but the deaf and blind. At Margate, Mrs. Percy Montague presided at the piano; while at Chatham, Mr. Norman, an exceedingly clever local professor, officiated at that instrument; Miss Ashton, whose powers as a pianist are of no contemptible kind, accompanying the musical comicalities of Mr. Compton.—W. S. J.

THE TONIC SOL-FA CHOIR.—The concert of the Tonic Sol-fa Choir at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, although well attended, did not attract so numerous an audience as its merits warranted. True the choir, 3,500 strong, made a grand show, but we should like to have seen four times as many listening to the music derivable from the concert of Saturday. The singers were only members of an amateur musical association, and the principle upon which they had been trained is still debatable land. But no matter; the voices were young and fresh, the intonation was true, and the conducting admirable. The selection had merit, variety, and novelty. It included songs and choruses of Handel, chorales of Sebastian Bach, illustrations of sacred themes from French composers, and glees and part-songs of our English school. The first piece that brought forth general applause was a solo with chorus, "The Martyrs of the Arena," by Laurent de Rille. The audience, liked it, and were with difficulty prevailed on to forego an encore. The singing of "Judge me O God" (Mendelssohn) by a "select" choir was very good; whilst the *Samson* chorus which followed, by the whole choir, was even better. The bright ringing notes of the young girls pervaded the whole building. Perhaps, however, the most emphatic success of the first part was the chorale of Bach, sung with a steadiness and correctness which would have charmed the great composer himself, and was much indebted for the pleasure it gave the audience to the conducting of Mr. W. C. McNaught. The sentiment, time, the light and shade, were fully appreciated, and the intelligence of the conductor communicated itself to the vast body of choristers. The "sight-singing test" was conducted by Mr. Proudman; and that it was efficient was proved by the unanimous demand for an encore from an audience, every member of which held a copy in his or her hand. The "Comrades' Song" (Adolph Adam), was the great success of the second part of the concert. The military flavour was in place here. Taken altogether, and judging "by results" as directed by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, we should say that this year's concert was a success for the Sol-fa system, and showed its fitness for the teaching of sight-singing. The concert marked the re-commencement of the musical season at the Palace. The eighteenth series of Winter Concerts will commence on the 4th proximo, the programme including some novelties.

## PROVINCIAL.

EXETER.—The Theatre Royal opens on Monday next, under the managerial auspices of Mr. Frederick Neebe, to whose unceasing efforts its present prosperity is mainly attributable. We shall mention the names in our next.—Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Marion Severn, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Wadmore, appear on the 30th inst., at the Victoria Hall, in Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, and Handel's serenata, *Acis and Galatea*.—Mr. Vance also announces a visit.—W. S. J.

BRIGHTON.—A service of sacred song, illustrative of Bunyan's "Holy War," has been given in the Pavilion Dome, under the auspices of the Committee of the Brighton Sunday School Union. About 500 children took part in the vocal illustrations. Mr. A. Habens was the conductor, and Mr. C. T. West presided at the organ. The Rev. A. Foyster and the Rev. J. Martin furnished the connective readings. There was a large audience. The singing of the children was effective, and reflected credit upon the instructors and conductor. The city is rapidly filling with the fashionable world, and musical entertainments are "looming" in the distance. Mr. Kuhe has already announced his "Grand Annual" Concert for Monday the 29th inst., with Mdlle. Altani, Miss Edith Wynne, Signor Caravoglia, and Mr. Santley as principal vocalists, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper as "conductor."



MANCHESTER.—At the first Gentleman's Concert this season, Miss Purdy made her *début* before a Manchester audience, and the *Guardian* thus writes about her:—

"The other vocalist of the evening, Miss Purdy, had to pass through a trying ordeal by the side of a veteran singer like Mr. Santley. In spite of this, however, by the sweetness of her voice and the unaffected simplicity of her style, she won her way to the hearts of her audience. Possessed of a mezzo-soprano voice of good though not remarkable compass, of pleasing quality throughout, and even beautiful in her middle register, she governs it with taste, and displays no little feeling in what she attempts. Singing during the evening in three languages, she showed a facility in each, though perhaps her selection was not on the whole the happiest that could have been made. The French song by Niedermeyer at once won the favour of the audience, and her duet with Mr. Santley was also warmly received. A slight nervousness that was observable is most natural in one so young; but extended experience will soon enable her to overcome this. We hope we shall soon have the pleasure of hearing Miss Purdy again."

BARMOUTH.—The *Cambrian News* informs us that—

"The concerts which have been given by a number of visitors—including the following professional and amateur singers and instrumentalists: Mrs. Ellie Williams, Mrs. William Williams, Miss Bessie Waugh (Eos Mynwy), Miss Lucy Williams, Miss Clara Elliot, Miss Goodered, Miss Madeleine Williams, the Rev. Arthur Trewman, Willert Beale, Griffith Edwards—for the benefit of the Church, and which are now drawing to a close, have added considerably to the pleasures of that popular resort. There has been an originality of conception about the performances which has given them a special character; but, apart from that, they suggest the enquiry whether the same kind of thing could not be oftener attempted, to increase the amusements of holiday-seekers and help a good cause at the same time. In every town like Barmouth there must, in the summer season, be visitors capable of getting up attractive entertainments and giving their fellow creatures, sometimes almost driven to despair by the weather, a large amount of amusement. It is to be regretted that there are so few visitors who put their talents to the same good purpose as the amateur performers at Barmouth."

BIDEFORD.—A grand concert has been given at the Music Hall by Mr. E. Reynolds. The following well-known artists were engaged:—Madame Thaddeus Wells, Mr. Christian, Mr. Nicholson (solo flautist to the Duke of Rutland), &c. The weather was very unfavourable, and the attendance in consequence was limited. The evening's entertainment commenced with a grand duet from *Il Trovatore*, most successfully performed by Madame Thaddeus Wells (piano) and Mr. Nicholson (flute). This was followed by the ballad, "A Father's love," nicely rendered by Mr. Christian. This gentleman's fine bass voice was heard even with better effect in his rendering of "The desert," which was received with great applause. The duet, "La ci darem" (Mozart), ably performed by Madame Wells and Mr. Christian, was well received; and the excellent voice of Madame Wells was heard to perfection in her rendering of the well-known ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen." The first part of the programme included, in addition to the above, a flute solo by Mr. Nicholson, and a duet (piano and flute) on Scotch airs, by Madame Wells and Mr. Nicholson. The beautiful and exquisite tone which Mr. Nicholson brings from his instrument is so well-known in the musical world that no words of ours could add to his merit. In the second part of the programme Henry Smart's beautiful duet, "When the wind blows in from the sea," (Madame Wells and Mr. Christian), Formes' famous song, "In sheltered vale" (Mr. Christian), and other well-known pieces were capitally rendered by the several artists.

MANCHESTER.—In the *Weekly Times* of September 13, we read the following remarks about Instrumental Music in English Presbyterian Churches:—

"The effect of the recent decision of the Synod of the English Presbyterian Church, leaving to individual congregations the decision of the formerly much-vexed question of the introduction of instrumental music into their churches, has been, in Manchester, that at least three churches have built organs as aids to improvement in the musical portions of their services. On Sunday a new organ was opened in the church in Grosvenor Square, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. A. Gardiner. The English Presbyterian Church at Withington will shortly bring an organ into service, and for the New Bridge Street congregation, in whose church instrumental music has formed part of the services for some time, a new organ is, we believe, being built. Next Sunday, in the United Presbyterian Church in Brunswick Street, Oxford Road, an organ will be opened. The organ opened on Sunday in Grosvenor Square has been built by Mr. F. W. Jardine, and its construction and erection has cost about £800. It has three manuals

and pedals, and 28 stops. The mechanism is after the newest systems. The case is of pine, and is constructed from the design of Mr. Medland Taylor, Manchester, and has front pipes elaborately decorated by Messrs. Best & Lee, of John Dalton Street. The organ is blown by hydraulic power. The organist is Mr. J. W. Cockcroft. Collections were made at both diets of worship on Sunday, after sermons by the Rev. J. A. Gardiner and the Rev. Dr. McKerrow, in aid of the organ fund, towards which all but £250 had been previously collected."

LIVERPOOL.—We learn from the *Daily Albion* of September 13th that—

"Sir Julius Benedict's morning concert at the Philharmonic Hall, on Saturday the 27th inst., will inaugurate the musical season in Liverpool. Mlle. Albani, the Canadian *prima donna*, whose metropolitan triumphs are fresh in the recollection of our musical readers, Miss Helen D'Alton, Mlle. Nita Gaetano, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Caravoglia, and Mr. Santley are the vocalists announced, and the instrumentalists are: the distinguished violinist, M. Sainton, and four pianoforte players, Mrs. Beesley, Mlle. Michaels, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Sir Julius Benedict.—The performances of the combined choirs of St. Anne's, Liverpool, and St. Laurence's, Birkenhead, of the musical portion of the services in connection with the laying, on Sunday last, of the foundation-stone of the new Catholic Church at Birkenhead, dedicated to the latter saint, were not so satisfactory as they might have been. It was evident that there had been few, if any, rehearsals, and the consequence was that while one section of the chorists followed the band, the other adhered to their own idea of time, the result being destructive to the fine music they had undertaken to sing. The band, that of the Boys' Refuge, Liverpool, though somewhat crude in execution, acquitted themselves very well indeed. Mr. Argent, the organist of St. Laurence's, was nominally the conductor, but he and Brother Tertullian, the director of the band, did not seem to understand each other, hence the confusion of sounds was increased.—On the evening of Friday the 6th inst., a choral festival, in connection with the Liverpool Sunday School Union, took place in St. George's Hall. The selections contained in the service of praise, compiled for the occasion, were excellently delivered. To Mr. J. B. Clarke, the conductor, and to the various masters who imparted to the youthful choristers a knowledge of the divine art, the credit of the admirable performance is due. Mr. Best accompanied the choruses on the organ."

#### M. WIENIAWSKI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In one of your late numbers I perceived a statement, quoted from the *New York Music-Zeitung*, that M. Wieniawski, notwithstanding all that the "newspapers had stated about the crowds attending his concerts, had refused to play in San Francisco on one occasion because there was not sufficient money taken." M. Wieniawski, who became aware of this notice of the *New York Music-Zeitung* only through the columns of the *London Musical World*, asks me to trespass upon your valuable space in order to rectify this statement, which is incorrect. He gave, in San Francisco, nine concerts in two weeks with the most extraordinary financial results. He left there and gave concerts in Sacramento, &c. In Ogden, a little Californian town, he gave a concert with receipts unheard of in that locality, that is 3,000 dols. gold, after which, without his consent, another concert was announced, and 400 dols. subscribed, when he refused to play, being about to leave. This is the truth about it.—Yours,

M. T.  
New York, Sept. 6.

A DINNER TO CLEMENTI.—We artists gave a dinner and musical entertainment to old Clementi. Cramer and I received him; he was greeted with rounds of applause, and ninety of us sat down with him to dinner. He was placed between Sir G. Smart and myself, and when the cloth was removed we had speeches, toasts, and music. Of course, a wish was expressed, and rapturously applauded, that Clementi, the father of pianoforte playing, should be heard upon this occasion, and thus prove his right to the title. Clementi rose from his chair; Smart, Cramer, and I led him to the instrument. The excitement was great, the whole party eagerly listening. Clementi had not been heard for years. He extemporised on a theme from Handel, and completely carried us away by his fine playing. His eyes gleamed with youthful fire; those of many of his hearers were dimmed with tears of emotion. Amidst shouts of applause, and the heartiest congratulations, he resumed his seat. Clementi's pianoforte playing, when he was young, was famed for the exquisite *legato*, pearliness of touch in rapid passages, and unerring certainty of execution. Even now, the remains of these qualities were recognised and admired, but what chiefly delighted his audience was the charm and freshness of his modulations in improvisation.—*The Life of Moscheles.*

REVIEWS.

BOOSEY & Co.

*Bird of the Wilderness.* Song. Words by the ETRICK SHEPHERD.  
Music by LOUIS DIEHL.

Hogg's "Bird of the Wilderness" has often engaged the attention of composers, but in no case, so far as we know, with better results than in the present work. Mr. Diehl's music is characterised by studied simplicity, and relies for effect, in great measure, upon a charming theme, *tempo di valse*, which once heard haunts the ear, and cannot with ease be got rid of. A better song for teaching purposes, or for family use, does not often appear, and we commend it as certain to be a favourite wherever it goes.

DUNCAN DAIVSON & Co.

*'Mid the Scented Clover.* Song. Composed by LOUIS DIEHL.

THE words of this song call up a vivid picture of those happy days in the country which all of us remember, and, if we be much "in populous city pent," remember with keen delight. Mr. Diehl's music reflects the spirit of the words to perfection. It is music bright, fresh, and free, like the breezes to which the clover-blossoms bend as it sweeps over the scented fields. Written with musicianly taste and skill, the song before us is one that will please the cultivated amateur, while it pleases, also, those who love music simply for the emotional enjoyment it brings.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

*Te Deum*, in D. By MADAME WEISS.

MADAME WEISS's appearance as a church composer is marked by extreme unpretentiousness. Her *Te Deum*, a plain and simple work, is well adapted for use in village choirs, and has the further advantage of being music in which the congregation can easily learn to take part.

J. B. CRAMER & Co.

*The Songs of Wales; with Accompaniments for Piano or Harp.* Edited by JOHN THOMAS. Part V.

THIS work keeps up the interest, and justifies the expectation called forth by its early numbers. The Part before us contains "Gruffydd's Feast," arranged by John Parry for a solo voice, and by C. H. Purday for a quartet; "The Chant of the Bard" (Parry) as a trio for male voices; "The Flowers of the Heath," and "The Fairy Banquet," arranged by Haydn; "Oh! Cambria" (Parry), "The Monks of Bangor's March," and "The Blackbird," arranged by Beethoven; together with several other songs of equal interest. The Editor's notes throw a good deal of light upon the traditions connected with the melodies, and notes and melodies together bid fair to make up a really valuable work.

HENRY KLEIN & Co.

*Electricity Valse.* By HENRY KLEIN.

THE themes of this waltz are very graceful and pleasing, and the pianoforte arrangement presents no difficulty to amateurs of moderate skill. Whether used for dance purposes, or played for its own sake, it cannot fail to please.

ROBERT COCKES & Co.

*Recollections of Wales.* No. IV. By BRINLEY RICHARDS.

MR. RICHARDS' brilliant yet comparatively easy variations on "The March of the Men of Harlech" have been so often played by their composer that we need do no more than call attention to them here. So popular a tune would make a less effective *morceau* acceptable; being as effective as it is, the work before us ought to be very acceptable indeed.

*Let the Hills Resound.* National song. Words by L. H. F. du TERREAUX; Music by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

THIS song, described on its title-page as "the second great success of Mr. Richards," was so prominently noticed on the occasion of its performance, as a chorus, by the Welsh singers at Marlborough House, that further expression about it would be superfluous. There is no musical reason whatever why "Let the hills resound" should not enjoy as much popularity as "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

HAMBURG.—A company for drama and operetta sailed hence in the *Frisia* a short time since. Its destination is the German Theatre, New York.

GENEVA.—It is rumoured that, with a portion of the money left this city by the late ex-Duke of Brunswick, the Municipality intend erecting a magnificent theatre.

WAIFS.

Signor Vianesi has left London to fulfil his engagement as conductor of the orchestra at the Italian Opera, Paris.

Mr. Jefferson, says an American paper, will probably return to England, later in Autumn, and re-appear on the London Stage.

The Cunard steamship, *Cuba*, conveying Madame Nilsson and Mr. Henry Jarrett, arrived safely at New York after a quick and, we hope, an agreeable passage.

M. Maurice Strakosch has definitely settled to be the lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris, and will commence his season on October 2. Signor Vianesi is appointed conductor of the orchestra.

Mr. Wilkie Collins left Liverpool on Saturday for New York, by the Cunard steamship, *Algeria*. Mr. Wilkie Collins is engaged by the Literary Bureau of New York, to give lectures in the United States.

Herr Weissenbach, described variously as a great "concertist on the drum," and "a great professor and drummer," has been playing on "sixteen harmonically-tuned drums" at the Central Park Concerts, New York.

Tamberlik will appear in *William Tell*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophet*, and the *Trovatore*, during the Lucca season, at the Grand Operahouse, New York, in October. Mdle. Ilma di Murska will appear in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

A fascinating young lady, at one of our summer resorts, on being asked recently if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head, with the answer—"Shakespeare! Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

Miss Blanche Tucker, of Chicago, a young amateur vocalist, has arrived in Paris, bringing warm letters of introduction from Lucca to Mdme. Viardot Garcia, who is to have the entire charge of Miss Tucker's musical education.

The magnificent peal of thirteen carillon bells, chiming by machinery, and recently erected in the tower of the new Bradford Town Hall, chimes, among several melodies of all nations, our new national anthem, "God bless the Prince of Wales."

The Editor of *Brainard's Musical World*, replying to a correspondent, says:—"Only a sketch of the Ninth Symphony by Schubert is in existence. The seventh (in C) is his best work. If our contemporary be right, then he has not written Schubert instead of Schubert, and Schubert is a prolific symphony composer whose acquaintance we have yet to make."

The *Babil and Bijou* scenery, machinery, &c., used in the grand spectacle produced by Mr. Boucicault during his autumn and winter campaign at Covent Garden Theatre were sold at public auction in the arches of the South Western Railway (whence they had been removed from the theatre for that purpose) on Tuesday last. The sale comprised 80 lots, which, excepting the first few, did not realize any large prices.

Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt (Mdme. Vanzini), the American *prima donna*, has just sailed for Europe. Previous to her departure, a company of her friends, including a number of literary ladies and gentlemen of New York, gave her a complimentary banquet at Delmonico's. Mr. Francis D. Moulton presiding. One of the features of the occasion was the addition of a piano to the banqueting-table, and songs and impersonations by the accomplished artist.

Mr. L. Stockley, of Birmingham, is arranging to give a series of subscription orchestral concerts during the coming season. The want of a good local band in Birmingham is felt by all lovers of instrumental music. There is a certain amount of good executive material in the town, which, supplemented by efficient outside aid, ought to make a good orchestra, capable of interpreting the best works of the great masters. Mr. Stockley has had many years' experience as a conductor, and is in a position to know and bring together the best local material available for orchestral performances. The details of his scheme are not yet made public, but his enterprise deserves encouragement and support.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE BAGPIPES.—Scott's conversation was extremely animated and delightful. He told us many anecdotes, but when he asked me, "How do you like my cousin, the piper?—you know, we Scotch are all cousins," I am afraid my answer must have done violence to his sense of music, which by nature was very limited. It was impossible for me to pretend to any enthusiasm for the bagpipes. Sir Walter had expected as much, but expatiated on the wonderful effect the national music has on the native Highlanders, arguing that a wandering piper would attract crowds in the streets of Edinburgh; also, that in battle the sound of bagpipes would inspire Scotch soldiers with a desperate valour. "You should hear my cousin, the piper, play and sing 'The Pibroch o' Donald Dhu,' but with the Gaelic words," said he; "those words are the only appropriate ones to convey spirit and animation, but the melody itself carries one away."—*The Life of Moscheles*.

SCHMALKALDEN.—Carl Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," was buried with great ceremony on the 29th ult. The coffin was ornamented with laurel wreaths, branches of palm, ribbons, and inscriptions. It was preceded by the senior pupils of the schools, and surrounded by young girls, dressed in white, with white and black scarves, and green garlands. Before it were carried upon a cushion the insignia of the Order of the Crown; behind it came, in addition to the local friends and connections of the Deceased, a deputation of friends and admirers from other places, as well as the government and municipal authorities, the Musical Associations, the War Association, the Turnerverein, and a numerous crowd of persons belonging to all classes. The funeral service was read in the church attached to the cemetery. Then, amid the strains of instrumental music, the coffin was borne to the grave, where a final speech was made, and the benediction pronounced by the officiating clergyman. Herr Seyffarth, one of the Deceased's most intimate friends when at Crefeld, then approached, and uttered a few valedictory words serving as an introduction for the last song Carl Wilhelm ever composed. Herr Seyffarth sang the song with great feeling and emotion, and it produced a deep impression upon all present.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

GODDARD & Co.—"To God, ye choir above," by C. Gounod; "Spring am I" and "In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee," songs, by Joseph Goddard; "Part Night, part Day," and "Tears," songs, by J. H. L. Glover; "Star of India," Grand Valse de Concert, by Sophie F. Heilbron; "That fond Smile," song, and "Les Sylphes," valse, for piano, by Henry Godard.  
E. EDGAR.—"Watt's 146th Hymn," music by E. Edgar.  
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The Torrent Galop," and "The Moselle Quadrilles," by W. Smallwood; "Twilight Song," for piano, by Adam Wright; "Let the Hills resound," national song, by Brinley Richards; Recollections of Wales, No. 4, "March of the Men of Harlech," for piano, by Brinley Richards.  
REEVES & TURNER.—"The Organ," Hints on its construction, purchase, and preservation, by William Shepherdson, M.C.O.

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